AN IMITATION OF WORDSWORTH.

There is a river clear and fair,
The neither broad nor narrow;
It winds a little here and there—
It winds about like any hare;
And then it takes as straight a course
As on the turnpike road a horse,
Or through the air an arrow.

The trees that grow upon the shore
Have grown a hundred years or more;
So long there is ne knowing.
Old Daniel Dobson does not know
When first these trees began to grow;
But still thoy grew, and grew, and grew,
As if they'd nothing else to do,
But ever to be growing.

The impulses of air and sky
Have rear'd their stately heads so high, The impulses of air and say

Have rear'd their stately heads so high,

And clothed their boughs with green;

Their leaves the dews of evening quaff.—

And when the wind blows loud and keen,

You seen the jolly timbers laugh,

And shake their sides with merry glee—

Wagging their heads in mockery.

Fix'd are their feet in solid earth, Where winds can never blow;
But visitings of deeper birth
Have reach'd their roots below.
For they have gain'd the river's brink,
And of the living waters drink. There's little Will, a five years child-

He is my young of the far and wild
To look on eyes so fair and wild
It is a very joy:—
He hath conversed with sun and shower,
And dwelt with every idle flower,
As fresh and gay as them.
He loiters with the briar rose,—
The blue-belles are his play-fellows,
That dance upon their slender stem. He is my youngest boy:

And have said, my little Will,
Why should not be continue still
A thing of Nature's rearing?
A thing beyond the world's control—
living vegetable soul,—
No human sorrow fearing.

It were a blessed sight to see
That child become a Willow tree,
His brother trees among.
He'd be four times as tall as me,
And live three times as long.
CATHARINE M. FANSHAW.

NONA. A SUN PICTURE.

'H'm!-an uncommonly nice little girl. Wonder who she is. By Jove! lively sort of place to live in P

"I'm!—an uncommonly nice little girl. Wonder who she is. By Jove! lively sort of place to live in?"

These remarss coursed gently through the brain—for no one that I ever heard of soliloquises out of print—of a young gentleman leaning on a garden wall. Neither the face nor the ugure of the thinker suggested the habit of speculative thought. The forehead was broad, not high, the nose rather prominent and narrow than broad and cogitative; the eye bright and indolent rather than thoughtful and dreamy; the mouth—well, the mouth left one in doubt, for it was heavily mustached; while the chin, relieved from heaviness by the clear chiselling of its parts, spoke to the physiognomist unutterable things. The figure, broadchested, narrow-hipped, powerful yet lithe, hinted at action rather than repecse; while just then the attitude was almost listless in its abandonment. For the rest, the outer man was of tweed and cut of the latest date, while a book was thrust under one arm, and a cloud of pale blue smoke from a merschaum pipe rose gently in the warm September air. The above speculations were, therefore, not born of the inner consciousness, but prompted by a concrete object, and by an object, it would seem, on the other side of the garden wall. A large square inclosure it was, with fine old trees, knotted and gnarled, their branches entangled, growing as they listed; the daisies flourishing in the grass, the moss and lichen robbing the old red-brick walls of their ruddy color. That was what he saw. Chickens clucked and pecked on the winding, paths—paths that had got picturesquely mixed up with the grass, so that one could scarcely say where one began and the other ended. The box-trees, as if angry at their long restraint, now stretched boisterously across the beds, crushing the low-lying marigold and snapdragon at their roots. High up waved the little lilae phlox. Hard by the purple clematis clung to a broken trellis, while the stately golden sunfitness andifferent warm hearts to the sun.

In the tangle of this forsaken

execute a grave little improvised dance. She moved to and fro, softly humaning to herself, until she suddenly, and for the first time, caught sight of a stranger leaning on the wall.

On-h-h' exclaimed the girl, the sun-flower cap falling off her head as she rushed off, darting one fiery glance at the intruder.

It is curious how even our best efforts fail in their fulfilment, Our facetious attempts often invito small scorn, while our most rightcous wrath is successful only in producing mirth. In the present instance, for example, the young gentleman appeared in no wise disconcerted; but, on the other hand, seemed to watch with some interest the pathway that had swallowed up the fair dancer.

Later on the maid-of-all-work, who had been induced by her little mistress to take her place in feeding the chickens, declared she saw some one jump over the wall as she came out into the garden. But there, miss,' she remarked, 'there's no keeping out them boys.'

Little Nona Newnham was an orphan, and the eldest of six. Mrs. Newnham had passed the first seventeen years of existence in that placid uneventful fashiou usual to small minds. She had been roused to astonishment, perhaps for the first time, when the Rev. Mr. Newnham intimated a desire for her neutral-inted companiouship as a not inharmonious, accompaniment in a vale of tears. It had been a source of unparalleled joy to the bride that she had been proposed to and married before her three elder, and withal handsomer, sisters were unplucked, so to speak, from their virgin stalk. But, alas! the uninterrupted contemplation of this triumph had paled during the course of years, and left Mrs. Newnham joyless as heretofore. For time, who heals our sorrows, deadens even a joy like this. One sister cre long had died, another had gone to Australia. The third made a much better match shan herself, and kept—the fact, indeed, was alluded to more in sorrow than in anger, implying something of a loss in moral elevation—her own carriage.

When the Rev. Mr. Newnham died at the ear

better match than herself, and kept—the fact, indeed, was alluded to more in sorrow than in anger, implying something of a loss in moral elevation—her own carriage.

When the Rev. Mr. Newnham died at the early age of thirty-six, and dissolved partnership, his survivor found herself compelled to face the situation and make the best of the diminutive fortune and large family that had been spared to her. And a conscientions mother in her way she became. She sold all the furniture she did not require; and being offered at a nominal rent, an old farm house that had long been uninhabited, she established herself therein to the unbounded delight of the children. The battered old place lay at no, great distance from the old home, so there yet remained one or two elderly consolations compatible with her fortune and her weeds. One of these was a bi-annual teadrinking with the new vicar. Another a sear in church facing a box-shaped tablet with two feet, whereon were chronicled and set forth the many virtues and consequent regrets of the late vicar and his barishioners.

The elder beys were sent away to school. The girls tumbled up rather than were brought up in any strict sense of the word. Mrs. Newnham, indeed, had the neatest little plans for 'keeping up' Noma's studies, and bringing what little uncertain history and Frenchithat yet remained to her to bear on her unthankful progeny. But the human mind is various and the calls of duty manifold; while Mrs. Newnham was ascertabung, that the maid-of-ali-work was unimpeachable as regards butter, and the butcher above suspicion in the matter of forequarters, the minds of the little Newnhams waxed—as new-made wine-bottles—sound yet campty.

But as Nona grew up her mental vacuum was not such as excludes all knowledge of its ignorance. The conviction of her unlearnedness was on the high-road to mitigating her offence; she devoured and inwardly digested every scrap of print that came in her way, from Jeremy Taylor to the local newspaper. Before she was lifteen she almost knew by

'They call me "carrots" in the village,' said Nona simply, in wice-eyed wonderment at these fashionable cestasies. For it is not yet beautiful in the country to havelred hair.

'Never mind, little one: you must come and see us,' said the vicar, stroking the ruddy mane in question. So Nona, in due time, went.

By and by, seeing her great desire to learn, Mr. Gibbins had offered to teach her German, Euclid, and other accomplishments; and as Miss Newnham grew apace, and deyeloped a graceful figure, and a tuneful voice, he would fain have taught her that which was not in her mind to give.

- II. The day following the garden escapade being Sunday, Nena robed herself in a clean cotton freek, tied her little poke-bonnet under her chin, and arming herself with her mother's large Church Service and the charge of three small sisters, set off to the parish church. The bells had ceased ringing as she entered. In fact, the congregation had aiready risen, and in the droning voice of Mr. Gibbins the wicked man was turning away from his sin.

had already risen, and in the droning voice of Alr. Gibbins the wicked man was turning away from his sin.

Mrs. Newnham could not fafford to rent a sitting, but in courtesy the seats in front of the vicarage pew were allotted to the widow lady. As Nona hurried up the aisle, driving the straggling children with what decorum site might, she perceived among the one or two youths whom the vicar was generally coaching, a strange and withal not ill-favored man. She had not time to remember if she had ever seen him before, for the children had by this time reasserted their rights. One ingenious one had got her hat hanging off the back of her head, another wanted her place found, while the third was perched on the pinnacle of a high hassock, and had dropped her hymn-book into a neighboring pew. After these little difficulties were adjusted there was comparative peace.

The hymn-before the sermon was given out, and the congregation were on their feet, when Nona heard a low deferential voice behind her say: "Allow me—' and a book was placed in her hesitating hand. Where was the hymn? It looked more the shape of a Bible. The leaf was turned down at one corner, and Nona read 'the words: 'And when Herod's birthday was kept, the daughter of Herodias danced before them, and pleased Herod. Whereupon he promised with an oath to give her whatsoever she would ask.'

Oh, horror? how her cheeks were burning! It must be that disgusting man who had been looking over the wall the day before. What a rinde thing to do—and how foolish it made her feel! Mr. Gibbins had got to the seventh clause of his sermon before Nona could give anything like respectful attention to the exhortation.

'Oh, how wicked I am,' she told herself; and she

bins had got to the seventh clause of his sermon before Nona could give anything like respectful attention to the exhoration.

Oh, how wicked I am, she told herself; and she rearranged her thoughts to listen. But perhaps novelty of treatment was not the most striking point in the vicar's intricate discourses.

'Shall I give it back scenfully; shall I give it back sweetly, innocently, as if I had not seen its intent; or would it be more dignified to pretend to have forgotten it, and not give it back at all' kept running through her mind.

The Bible still lay open there.... Danced before them, and pleased Herod.' No, she would sweep out of the church, and never look near such an impudent wretch.

The blessing was pronounced, and Nona prayed on her kneez in the most fervent way in the world. Then she stood up. The sun was shining through the windows, and people were moving down the aisle and exchanging greetings outside the porch.

'I wonder what he's like,' was bred of these inspiriting surroundings, and Nona, casting all her dignitied resolution to the winds, turned her little poke-bonnet, and brought'her wondering eyes and parted lips within range of the vicar's pew. She met the fur away gaze of a handsome but apparently listless and imelancholy, young iman; and the little girl left the church thinking, with Mr. Tulliver, that it's a very puzzling world.

'Who was he, what was he, where did the come from, and 'what, pray, was the doing!' These and other like inquiries kent dancing through her brain all day. In the evening the iyicar's pew contained only its usual cargo of boys and Miss Cynthia, so that Mr. Gibbins's upliftings gained Nona's ear at last.

'Remember, Nona dear, I expect you to dinner

year of amorous philanderings, had not yet compassed.

'You have altered your mind very quickly,' said Nona sharply. 'I suppose you've weighty reasons.'

'Undoubtedly,' replied Mr. Courtney in a faraway tone. 'How could I miss the mothers' meetings !

Nona felt herself aggrieved. She was being made fun of as a country bumpkin, she told herself; so she turned away loftily, and addressed a little remark to her right-hand neighbor. This was an old gentleman who gobbled in eating, and whose stock piece in the conversational line was an attack of sciatica of ten years back. But even complaints have their limits—by the time Nona had been enlightened as to the fallacy of treating with morphia instead of galvanism, she became aware that the something in black and gold awas on Mr. Courtney's other hand, and that the interrupted tete-a-tete was now flourishing amazingly.

'The dinner will be soon over, all over,' thought the little girl. 'Oh, if I could only make him look this way.' Then a bright idea occurred to her. Why couldn't she say something clever, to show him she was not to be laughed at,' There was a slight pause. Nona peeped round; yes, the enemy was occupied with an ice-cream.

'Do you believe in the Darwin theory ?' said the little girl in a casual | way in an air of asking for the sait. She was successful; he turned round. But pray why did he smile!

'Did the back of my head suggest the question?' saked Mr. Courtney, with a fund of merriment in his eye.

'I don't see anything to laugh at,' said Miss Newn-

dining-room, 'dinners are very sensible things. I do hope I shall go to a great many dinners in my life.'

A fortnight had passed since Miss Newnham had announced her prediction for diming out; a time that had said many unknown things to Nona.

Mr. Douglas Courtney, who had come ta the vicarage pied, it is true, but he had found time occupied, it is true, but he had found time occupied, it is true, but he had found time occupied, it is true, but he had found time occupied, it is true, but he had found time occupied, it is true, but he had found time occupied, it is true, but he had found time occupied, it is true, but he had found time of the had here lost in wonderment at the expensions of his appearance. The children, and how not to miss any little excitement, can be used to the hall, and watched the apparition with awe. Finally Mr. Courtney had placed himself in a rickety chair that well-nigh prostrated him on the drawing-room carpet had he not promptly secured a safer and more abiding restingpiace. Mrs. Newnham, lim; and loyless as she was by nature, and not holding rose-colored view of this world or the next, was not aggressively elated at this young gentleman's and agreement of this world in the next, was not aggressively elated at this young gentleman's and adjusted had mentioned meeting him.

The vicar was doubtless a sound divinic the nother, who had taken the place of sound living the nother, who had taken the place of forth. Mr. Courtney agreed it was impossible. When could know he had taken the place of forth. Mr. Courtney agreed it was impossible. When could was a photograph of Nons in the perhaps he would not be able accessing Mrs. Newnham mentioned her was with elaborate carelessness, along with a bend-mat, a keepsake, and a hideous pin, with a bend-mat, a keepsake, and a hideous pin, with a bend-mat, a keepsake, and the heart fortnight had not been bare accessing Mrs. Newnham mentioned had been accessed and the said that day. These reflections proved as a sum of the part of the part

to pay her visit, the roads were nearly dry, the day bright and warm.

Miss Gibbins was charmed to see Nona. She insisted on calling her brother from his study. 'Oh, pray don't disturb him, I know he must be busy,' said the visitor, wondering, and yet not daring to ask, after the whereabouts of another man. Theophilus, with his slouching gait and timid smile, appeared, and after him thow desirable after all is existence? The younger, more compact figure of Donglas Courtney. The conversation of? necessity became general; and when one has something to impart, or something to learn from the beloved object opposite (and when has one not?) there is nothing so wearying or exasperating as a general conversation. Mr. Courtney, for instance, did not enter into the spirit of the thing, but, sitting apart, kept playing with Nona's little umbrella. He glanced at Mr. Gibbins, and then got up and gazed abstractedly out of the window, apparently unconsciously leauing the umbrella against the sill. Refreshed by the prospect of the park, he now joined the group. Nona, who had kept up an animated talk, and also admired the view, with that recility for doing two things at once that alone is compassed by the female soul, now rose to leave. She was of course accompanied by Theophilus to the door.

'You must be sure and dine with us some day

compassed by the temate soul, now rose to leave. She was of course accompanied by Theophilus to the door.

'You must be sure and dine with us some day next week, Cynthia said; to which remark Nona mentally added 'when he perhaps has gone!

As the vicar proceeded back to his study, Mr. Courtney was quite surprised to find that Miss Nownham had left her umbrella.

'On! do run after her with it, cried the guileless Cynthia; 'there's no knowing, it might rain.' In two minutes more a gentleman accosted a lady outside the vicarage garden; one would have thought they had not met for years, they found so much to say to each other.

'I have to go up to town for the examination tomorrow; mind you are out in the garden to-night,' he was urging.

'Yes, I will be there, even if it is under the shelter of our faithful ruse de guerre,' she replied, taking her lost property from his hand. The moon shone down that night in the romantic and interesting fashion which should always attend the meetings of lovers.

'Only to think you came in all that rain. I thought you were snug at the vicarage all the time.

Did you really come both nights!

'Both nights, Nona,' he replied, 'and I got not so much as a glimpse or a sign of you'

'And I was so wretched,' she said simply; 'I thought you didn't care enough about—I mean enough to come, and I was darning stockings! So you came in the wet; do you know, I'm glad of that; it will be something to think about,' she added. There was an unknown yielding, a novel softness in her voice.

'Oh, you liked it, did you?' replied Douglas. 'I can't say I did decidedly. I can't say I did. Curious the difference of opinion.'

'It's like life isn't it?' said the young girl; 'you outside and miscrable in the rain, I inside more miscrable hearing the rain, so near; but you see it is all dark, and we never know.' She had laid her hand on his arm, her lips were trembling; he drew her to him—so near that he could feel her soft breathing on his face.

'Nona, little Nona, where do you get your serious thoughts and where your great deep eyes?' The white lids drooped over the depths beneath, and then as the conscious soul was veiled as by a cloud, he dared to press warm lingering kisses on her hands, her cheeks, her lips. Half an hour later Nona, reluctantly, lingeringly, preparing to withdraw herself, made the not very original remark: 'And so you must go to-morrow?' Then, with fine naiveté,' I do wish now it were not to-morrow.'

'I could have gone better yesterday, little Nona. But I always make a fool of myself. I oughth't to have said anything yet, till after the exam,' he muttered to himself contritely. Mr. Courtney, indeed, need not have blamed himself on this head, for whatever his actions, assuredly he had not committed himself in speech. 'Nona, do you know,' he went on more blithely, 'I always think of you as I saw you first, with the sun shining in the midst of the sun flower, and I've got it still. Nona, when I am gone do you think you will remember me?

'Well, with an eflort I might; but I warn you, I have a very bad memory,' said the gir, laughing in low reply.

'I should like'to impress on your memory...'

low reply.

'I should like to impress on your memory...'

The sentence was never finished; but perhaps
Mr. Courtney effected his intention in his somewhat
protracted parting kiss.

Mr. Theophilus Gibbins had been much preoccupied of late. An unwonted nervousness, foreign to his phlegmatic temperament, had embarrassed his movements, causing him to start at the sound of a bell, and turn away on the unexpected appearance of lights. For Mr. Gibbins, like the psalmist, had questioned his own soul, and discovered therein the image of Nona Newnham.

Theophilus was the only son of wealthy and pious parents. He had been nursed as it were in the odor of sanctity; he had imbibed moral truths from his earliest years. The Gibbins household had ever regarded life from the serious and religious standpoint, a circumstance that may have ent a reactionary zest to Cynthia's later frivolity of mind. She had been low-church, high-church, broad-church, and atheistical in turn, but nothing serious said much to Miss Gibbins, at any rate for any length of time. Just now people were "speculative" in thought and medieval in the matter of clothing, and Cynthia was as the rest. Theophilus was of another make.

Years back he had been a slow, awkward, good-hearted boy. He grasped an idea with difficulty and digested it slowly. But once having sucked out the heart of a question, it became a portion of himself; he could as soon have parted with it as with one of his hands or feet. He was, at the same time, of that passive part of markind that suck only the rattle, so to speak, presented to their hand; and Mr. Gibbins's rattle, as we have already seen, had been shaken only from the serious standpoint. The vicar had in his way reached the age of thirty-four in single unblessedness when he began to conceive that Nona was the one woman who ever could or ever would suit him as a wife. Mrs. Newham had been informed of his aspigations, and had been duly elated at future honors. It yet remained, it is true, to speak to Nona, but considering her mother's wishes, and dearth of rivals, it might be reasonably expected she would listen to his suit. The vicarage had been unusually quiet all that Winter, Cynthia had been when we will b set where the state of the companies of

she would go over ward for word all their little scraps of talk, his look and tone, and all the things she ought to have said.

'I ought to have said.

'I ought to have enjoyed it much more, for now it will never come back again,' and she thought dolefully of Mr. Gibbins's 'attentions,' as her mother called it. The old dead days scenned so meaningless, so empty, before that Autumn time; but that time too was dead now, leaving an aching pain at the heart. 'If I could only do something exciting, go away to the end of the world, or marry somebody, or drown myself, I should get rid of this pain; and he might hear of me, perhaps remember the old time.' The garden walls seemed to crush and choke her.

As Nona ruminated, one of these exciting and slightly incongruous alternatives was about to be offered her. A crunching of the gravel (she was at the end of the garden) betrayed the tempter in the person of Mr. Theophilus Gibbins, who was quickly approaching her along the garden walk. Perhaps he was not a dangerous temptrion to the outer world—a world unbinssed by an earnest soul, if accompanied by a slouching gait and awkward feet. But in these untoward attributes it is possible lay Nona Newnham's snare. The outward form deceived only, she told herself. Grace was with those who loved and rode away. The girl was leaning against an apple-tree, its faint pink glowing in the warm Spring sunshine. Overhead the birds were singing, the sky showed blue between the tangled net of trees. There was a mid humidity in the alr, the sounds and scents of Spring time were awakening from thour long Winter sleep. An unusual air of solemnity, even of excitement, characterized Mr. Gibbins. The woman in Nona knew that her time had come. But even now he did not cross the long wet grass straight to where she stood, but approached her crab-wise by the more circumspect and salubrious gravel path. She did not smile or move, but simply walted with her hands clasped together, her slight body leaning on the knotted mosa-grown stem.

Neither half an

move, but simply whited with a the knotted mosa-grown stem.

Neither half an hour nor a proposal of marriage had altered Miss Newmam's attitude.

'Miss Nona,' gasped the unyouthful lover to her silence, 'you give me then leave to hope?'

A dull apathy had taken possession of her as the vicar unburdened himself of his proposal—the proposal, like Piggim's burden, he had carried about with him so long. After the casseless unrest of the last few months there seemed in this opening of a new life something of numbing peace. It would delight her mother, and apparently a worthy man. Life after all was a joyless thing—what did it all signify? Perhaps in mere duty lay life's highest loy.

'You give me leave to hope,' and he attempted to class her hand.
'Hope?' What had she to do with hope? It was a word that had become without meaning in those long Winter nighte. She was staring at the sky, and passed in silence away over the long lank grass.

Mr. Gibbins was wondering at the engims presented by maidenhood and silence. After all it was but the waywardness of a young girl, he reflected, and he followed her to where she stood in the smiling Spring surshine. She was leaning against the mossy red-brick wall with a different lover in the time gone by. On her lips played a tender smile.

'Ah, that's right; you are not angry, dearest, said the vicar persuasively. He again essayed some sort of lover-like caress. She recoiled at the touch. Turning sharply round, with burning checks, she said slowly: I cannot give you any "hope." Mr. Gibbins. I thought just now I would try to like you, but you see it's all too late?

'Too late! repeated the vicar, turning from the garden gate and gazing along the muddy road, "Surely." as the Psalmist says, "surely every man walketh in a vain show; surely they are disquieted in vain."

'Hullo, Gibbins,' exclaimed an irritatingly-elated voice in his ear, while a hand grasped his own. 'Just run down, you see; governor all serene again. Come down to see our mutual friends—over the wall. What is the matter P anxiously. 'They are all right?

'In perfect bodily health,' said the divine mournfully. New lights began to beat in on the darkness of the vicar's brain. 'You are not going to—'he stammered aghast.

'Can't stop now, old fellow—tell you all about it afterward.'

The gate swung to. Gibbins found himself without on the same road with a changed sky. For Mr.

afterward.'
The gate swung to. Gibbins found himself without on the same road with a changed sky. For Mr. Couriney still thinks as before that an uncommonly nice little girl lived on the other side of the wall; while his presence whispers to Nona that the Winter indeed is dead.—[All The Year Round.

CARLYLE'S LETTER TO A YOUNG MAN.

From a Memoir of James Dodds.

London, Sept. 21, 1841.

My Dear Sir? The truthful genial temper manifested in your letter cannot but increase the interest I felt in you. It will be good news in all time coming to learn that such a life as yours unfolds itself according to promise, and becomes in some tolerable degree what it is capable of being. The problem for you, as the like is for every man born into this world.

You have my entire sympathy in your denunciation of the "explosive" character. It is frequent in these times, and deplorable wherever met with. Explosions are ever wasteful, woeful; central fire should not explode itself, but lie silent, far down, at the centre, and make all good fruits grow. We cannot too often repeat to ourselves, "Strength is seen not in spasms, but in stout bearing of bursels."

You can take comfort in the meanwhile, if you could be by the expressions of all wise men, that a

cannot too often repeat to outselves, standard seen not in spasms, but in stout bearing of burdens."

You can take comfort in the meanwhile, if you need it, by the experience of all wise men, that a right heavy burden is precisely the thing wanted for a young strong man. Grievous to be borne; but bear it well; you will find it one day to have been verily blessed. "I would not for any money," says the brave Jean Paul in his quaint way, "have had money in my youth." He speaks a truth there, singular as it may seem to many.

By the way, do you read German? It would be well worth your while to learn it; and not impossible, not even difficult, even where you are, if you so resolved. These young obsoure years ought to be incessantly employed in gaining knowlege of things worth knowing, especially of heroic human souls worth knowing; and you may believe me, the obscurer such years are, it is apt to be the better. Books are needed, but yet not many books; a few well read. An open, true, patient and valiant soul is needed; that is the one thing needful.

I have no time here, in this immeasurable treadmill of a place, to answer letters. But you may take it for a new fact that if you can, as you say, write without answer, your letters shall be altogether welcome. If at any time a definite service can be done by answering, doubt not I shall make time for it. I subscribe myself in great haste yours with true wishes and hopes.

T. Carlyle.

THOREAU'S PITY.

From a Letter to The Spectator.

The following anecdote, given by a gentleman who had been introduced to Thoreau by Emerson, may, or may not, be taken to illustrate Mr. R. L. S.'s statement, in the too exhaustive, but also too neat and final, essay in The Cornhill of June, that "there is no trace of pity in Thoreau"; but your words in criticising the said article encourage me to send it:

"there is no trace of pity in Thoreau"; but your words in criticising the said article encourage me to send it:

"When I went next morning, I found them all (Thoreau was then living in his father's house) in a state of excitement, by reason of the arrival of a fugitive negro from the South, who had come fainting to their door about daybreak, and thrown himself on their mercy. Thoreau took me in to see the poor wretch, whom I found to be a man with whose face, as that of a slave in the South, I was familiar. The negro was much terrified at seeing me, supposing I was one of his pursuers. Having quieted his fears by the assurance that I, too, though in a different sense, was a refugee from the bondage he was escaping, and at the same time being able to attest the negro's genuinces, I sat and watched the singularly tender and lowly devotion of the scholar to the slave. He must be fed, his swollen feet bathed, and he must think of nothing but rest. Again and again this coolest and calmest of men drew near to the trembling negro, and soothed him and bade him feel at home, and have no fear that any power should again wrong him. Thoreau could not walk with me that day, as had been agreed, but must mount guard over the fugitive, for slave-hunters were not extinct in these days; and so I went away after a while, much impressed by many little traits that had seen, as they had appeared in this emergency."

An abolitionist of this kind cannot be without pity.

In torrid heats of late July,
In March, beneath the bitter bise,
He book-hunts while the loungers fly—
He book-hunts, though December freeze
In breeches baggy at the knees,
And heedless of the public jeers,
For these, for these, he hoards his fees—
Aidines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

No dismal stall escapes his eye,
He turns o'er tomes of low degrees,
There soiled romanticists may he,
Or Restoration comedies;
Each tract that flutters in the breeze.
For him is charged with hopes and fears,
In mouldy novels fancy sees
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

With restless eyes that peer and spy,
Sad eyes that he d not skies nor trees,
In dismal nooks he loves to pry,
Whose motto evermore is Spes!
But ah! the fabled treasure flees;
Grown rarer with the fleeting years,
In rich men's shelves they take their ease—
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs!

ENVOY. Prince, all the things that tease and please— Fame, hope, wealth, kisses, cheers, and tears, What are they but such toys as these— Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs A. LANG.

ANECDOTES OF GOVERNOR JOHN A, AN-DREW.

Prom Peley W. Chandler's Memoir.

Among the Governor's friends was a voung merchant of Boston, and I will let him tell the story in his own way:

"It was in the Summer of 1862, when emancipation was being talked a great deal. We had not had any great successes, and everybody had a notion that cinancipation ought to come. One day the Governor sent for me to come up to the State House. I went up up to his room, and I never shall torget how I met him. He was signing some kind of bonds, standing at a tall deek in the Council Chamber, in his shirt sleeves, his fingers all covered with ink. He said: 'How do vou do?' I want you to go to Washington.' 'Why, Governor,' said I, 'I can't go to Washington on any such notice as this. I am busy, and it is impossible for me to go.' 'All my folks 'the serving their country,' said he; and he mentioned the various services the members of his staff were engaged in, and said with emphasis: 'Somebody must go to Washington.' 'Well, Governor, I don't see how I can.' Said he: 'I gommand you to go.' 'Well,' said I, 'Governor, put it in that way and I shall go, of course.' 'There is something going on,' he remarked. 'This is a momentous time.' He tarned suddenly toward me and said: 'You believe in prayer, don't you?' I said: 'Why, of course.' 'There let us pray; and he knelt right down at the chair that was placed there; we both kneeled down, and I never heard 'Sich a prayer in all my life. I never was so near the throne of God, except when my mother died, as I was then. I said to the Governor: 'I am profoundly impressed; I will start this afternoon for Washington.'

"I soon found out that emancipation was in everybody's mouth, and when I got to Washington and called upon Summer, he began to talk emancipation, He asked me by so talk emancipation. He asked me to go and see the President, and tell him how the people of Boston and New-Fenglant regarded it. I went to the White House that evening and met the President in regard to what the class of people I met in Boston and New-York thought

In September the Governor sent for me. He had a dispatch that emancipation would be proclaimed, and it was done the next day. You remember the President made proclamation in September to take effect in January. Well, he and I were alone

THE NAPOLEUNS AND HUNGAL

THE NAPOLEONS AND HUNGARY

From The Albertum.

Kossuth saw no reason why French imperial bitton and the cause of Italian libertum int. if possible, be turned to account by the garian patriots, and with this object be to not klapka and others in a carefully distorted in February, 1859, he issued a manifest countrymen, bidding them prepare for any tion he might hereafter advise them to patrion; and a mouth later as much to warn the Emprovers of his contemplated action as to except the Hungarians themselves. Kossuth himself to Paris at the beginning of May. There is a terviews first with Prince Nepoleon, and with the French Emperor. According to force report, both were cager to fall in with his all. "The Emperor's intention," said the Prince, "as Hungary should become an independent He entertains no other. He will result the sovereign right of Hungary to cide her own affairs." He made one atipulation—that Kossuth and his first should adopt, "not a republican form of gowent, but a constitutional monarchy." Kossuth made no objection. He had a prefer for republicanism, he said; but the adequation of Hungary, its freedom from bondage, was the one supreme object he should adopt, "not as republican form of gowent, but a constitutional monarchy." Kossuth made no objection, He had a prefer for republicanism, he said; but the adequation of the history of the count of the same through help of Prince Napoleon, the Prince himself and summit to help of Prince Napoleon, the Prince himself and as sensible of the honor you do me, and thank very much. But I must request you not so tion this again to me, or to the Emperor when years speak with him. We Bonapartes have learned from the history of our uncle. We have learned from the history of our uncle. We have learned from the history of our uncle. We have learned from the history of our uncle. We have learned from the history of our uncle. We have learned from the history of our uncle. We have learned from the history of our uncle. We have learned from the history of our uncle. We

"MY ONLY AMBITION."

POPE LEO XIII,

"MY ONLY AMBITION."

From The Whitchall Review.

We walked for nearly half an hour, my Monsignes and I, and at last got into the open air in a spaces square at the back of the Vatican. A few gardeners were picking lemons from the trees on the Italian terrazza near the Biblioteca. Thousands of roses perfume the air and the fountains pour out rivers at delicious fresh water. My friend pointed out to me the new road which the Pope has had traced in the park, a walk which enables him to take a drive several kilometres in length. The park is in very had order, but it is the intention of the Pope to have it looked after. "You see that enormous tree at the bottom of the square "said the Monsignor; "that was the favorite spot of Pius IX. There he used to sit, beneath that tree, for nearly two hours every afternoon, talking politics or making fun."

A Papal gendarme was walking up and dows from the tree to a door on the esplanade. The door suddenly opened, and there appeared two Guardie Nobili and four servants in violet costume cook a red mantle and followed his Holiness, who advanced for a walk accompanied by a Monsignor and the two Guardie Nobili. Other Monsignor and the steps of the Pops, and stood apart to be observed by the Pope. His Holiness advanced rather majestically, looking good-humoredly toward clust The two Noble Guardie were dispensed from following the fast steps of the Pops, and stood apart chatting and laughing heartily. A Monsignor and wissed the Pope's hand with great reverence, and then spoke with enthusiasm. The groups in the garden, which may be compared, so far as the esplanade is concerned, to the back of Hampton Court, were very picturesque. Even the Pope himself, with it is white, ghostly ap

shatical dignitaries, who had been looking rather hard at me.

I was about to kneel down and kiss the Pope's hand, but his Heliness looked hard in my face and hid his hand in the sash round his thin, slight waist.

"How is it that I find you here he saked the Pope. The big hat threw a shade on his face, and he appeared worn out. When at Perugis his countenance was that of a nervous though healthy man. Now he seemed to me rather paler and anxious. True, the whiteness of the robe might tell a little, but even the long thin fingers were more delicate. The Pope, who is always delighted when he cas speak about Perugia, put me endless questions, and inquired about everybody whom he knew well when he was Bishop of that city.

"And how are party squabbles going on? Are people beginning to be persanded that they were wrong in hoping for so much from the radicals?"

"They are, holy father. But the great majority hope to see the Church and State come to a modus viveadi."

"My only ambition," replied the Pope, looking."

majority hope to see the Church and State come to a modus vivendi."

"My only ambition," replied the Pope, looking rather suspiciously on the groups which were about him, "is to reconcile Church and State in all parts of the world. I always loved progress and ecience, and am persuaded that Christianity and science do not contradiot each other. But, so far as that is concerned, we are in a terrible position. People ought to understand how difficult it is for a Pope to be both a Pope and an Italian. People ought to realize this, and do their best to diminish the cocasions of conflict. But you see that it is the contrary. The new law on civil marriage voted by the Chamber of Deputies is made and framed to offend and hurt the Church. How is it possible that we can come to terms with men who purposely frame laws in odio alla chiesa?"

His Holiness them made some allusion to the Sacred College. On hearing me mention Cardinal Newman, "Che santo! Che santo!" he said! "What a saint! What a saint!" "But he is very old and has not the energy of Cardinal Mauning. The Archbishop of Westminster seems rather converted to Father Curci's ideas. When I last spoke to him he talked quite differently from what I had been accustomed to hear. He must be in the buone gratic (good graces) of those who insist upon the intervention of Catholics in political elections. A great question!"

"Your Holiness must find it rather hard not to be

tion of Catholics in political elections. A gressquestion!"
"Your Holiness must find it rather hard not to be
able to take long walks—."

The Pope interrurpted me, saying, "Non ne parliamo" ("Let us not talk about that"); and, peinting to the new promenade out amid oak trees, he
added, "I have had a nice carriage built in Rome;
not an old carcassa, as Monsignor Mermilled says
but an elegant Victoria, and shall drive about—to
Belviders and back."

A new personage arrived. The Pope, on perceiving stout, majestic Cardinal Bartolini, bade, me
withdraw. "A rivederet, mio caro," he said, with
sweet and pleasing voice.

I and my Monsignor walked a long way and left
the Vatican by the garden entrance near Santa
Marta.

MLLE. BERNHARDT'S OPPRESSIVE COS-TUMES.

TUMES.

From The Spectator.

We do not know how such an alteration we affect a Parisian audience, but it might be we affect a Parisian audience, but it might be we acting to English play-goers, and to modify a liner oppressive costumes. Frou-Frou, her charms, griefs, and her punishment are almost obliters by Gilberte's gowns, and the most patient and terested audience that ever sat a play (at leak London) must grow weary of the endless length the entr'actes. The thread of the story is loss, effects are weakened, while people sit fidgesting yawning in order that Mile. Bernhardt's drawmay have time to smother her in cascades of (which does not frow-frow-er), clouds of lacas bales of beads.

These outrageously extravagant dreases totally incongruous with her position, in the sact, as an unmarried girl, and all through with shabby mounting of the piece. From Frontier velvet and gorgeous lace complacently beholds husband, her sister, and her child sitting down side-table, to a banquet served on a tea my whose component parts are one covered dish black bottle. "Avant de partir, if faut que installe," she says, trailing her train about table, and surveying the tin cover and the black bottle. "Avant de partir, if faut que installe," she says, trailing her train about table, and surveying the tin cover and the bottle. "Vous êtes charmants aims The kieses her inger-sips, and goes off to har persance of Indiana. This scene comes dangers makes its appearance in the Venetian pales of fourth set.